Qu. Say then who doeſt thou meane ſhall be her King?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who ſhould elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madam?
Qu. How canſt thou woe her?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were beſt aquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart,
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and *Yorke*, then happily ſhe will weepe,
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometimes *Margret*
Did to thy Father, a handkercheffe ſteept in *Rutlands* blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtory of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'ſt away her vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vncle *Riuers*, yea, and for her ſake
Madeſt quicke conueiance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.
King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchace with ſtill laſting warre.
King. Say that the King which may command intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.
King. Say ſhe ſhall be a high and mighty Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.
Qu. but how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end,
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall that title laſt?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.
King. Say I her ſoueraigne am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loths ſuch ſoueraingtie.

King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being plainely tould.
King. Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not Honeſt is too harſh a ſtile,
King. Madam your reaſons are too ſhallow and too quicke,
Qu. O no my reaſons are too deepe and dead:
Too deepe and dead poore infants in there graue,
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings breake,
King. Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophain'd, diſhounor'd, and the third vſerped,
King. I ſwere by nothing,
Qu. By nothing for this is no oath,
The George prophain'd, hath loſt his holy honour:
The Garter blemiſht, pawn'd his Knightly vertue:
The Crowne vſurpt diſgrac't his Kingly dignity,
If nothing thou wilt ſwere to be beleeued,
Sweare then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrong'd,
King. Now, by the world:
Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs:
King. My Fathers death:
Qu. Thy ſelfe hath that diſhonor'd.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſeſt:
King. Why then by God:
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all:
If thou hadſt fear'd, to breake an oath by him,
The vnity the King thy brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt feard to breake an oth by him,
The Imperiall mettall circling now thy brow,
Had grac't the tender tembles of my child,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowe for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for wormes.
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrong'd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
Hereafter time for time, by the paſt wrong'd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughtered,